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Trammel's Move

Scenario Supplement for Dorumaa's Children

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Sure, maybe street-smart Blackie doesn't wash much, and maybe he's keen on guns and knives, and maybe he babbles crazy theories all day, but he's got something to say about Rufus Trammel. It seems Trammel's leaving Cularin. Who might fill his shoes? This supplement to the Living Force campaign ties into the December scenario, Dorumaa's Children.

Questions. S'always questions, and not lotsa answers. See, people don't come around here much. Don't get me wrong; we get our share of the adventure-seeking do-gooder types. Some of them - - some of youse, I guess - - like to prowl places like this, looking around for trouble they can stop. Thing is, what you look at to be trouble, we just see as how life goes. What your kind sees as things what need fixing, my kind sees as another day, another kilocred.

S'all about how you look at the world. Worlds, I guess. I never lived nowhere else but right here on Tolea Biqua, so it don't much matter to me that there's other worlds out there. I mean, I travel, but when you got ships like we got ships in Cularin, traveling is just stepping into a big box in one place and stepping out of that big box somewheres else. Sure, you got a pilot telling you that you're on a different city, or a different planet, or maybe he's saying you're in Coruscant or whatnot - - but how do you know? Man, I tell you what: If all you ever got to judge whether you really gone one place or another is some pilot who don't know the pointy end of a blaster, how d'you know you aren't just sitting in some chair somewhere with a big mask on your face while someone plays holovids for you all day?

Hey. It's a theory. Just ask, I got millions of 'em.

Name's Blackie. I'm kind of one of the folks people like you don't look at much. I don't go in much for grooming. Not a huge fan of showers. Kinda dig on having big guns that I sleep with, and big knives that I stick in my boots, and if I ever find me a thermal detonator, I'll probably put it in a display case just so's people know I have it. I had a friend once, blew up a guy with a thermal detonator. Accident, even. So everyone assumes, "Valdo's got a line on TDs," and they went and caught him after he'd been through a scan where they knew he didn't have no explosives on him and they blasted him until he weren't nothing but char. Ironical thing is, that was the only detonator Valdo ever had. Killed one guy with it, not even someone he particularly wanted to kill, and it got him put on about forty different hit lists. I figure, having

one isn't such a bad thing, since then everybody who thinks about messing with you's got to think, "Is Blackie gonna use the detonator on me or my family?" But using it, actually making yourself a threat - - that's something that I ain't too wild about.

You watch the way folks move when they're outside the law, you see this a lot. Some types use real pain and real hurting to get things done. Old Riboga, he was like that. Or she. You always hear people talk about Riboga as a "him," but I ain't so sure. You hear stories, sometimes.

I digress. So there's some what use real pain and real violence, and others who just talk like they're going to hurt folks until someone gets hurt first. This is more Nirama's style, though he'd probably kill me for saying it, since if I make him sound weak, then that may get some of his people killed, and he'll have to go and kill me to show that he's not weak, even though he wouldn't have killed me if I hadn't shot my mouth off. Unless you do something to hurt some folks, they stay out of the way and do their own thing.

I ain't figured out Trammel. Old Rufus, he's been here a while now. Going on two years, I guess. He came in and there was all this hoopla and worries about whether he'd be trying to take control of the system from Nirama. Turned out to be just that. Hoopla and worries. Didn't never worry Nirama, near as any of us could tell. There was some skirmishing, but never a war like some folks thought. Nirama, he had better things to do with his people, and Trammel - - well, we never have figured out what he's up to. I heard word that he's got a boss from outside the system what may be coming this way - - Chevin by the name of Phylus Mon. Tell you what: Mon shows up, I'm moving. I don't care what all it takes, Mon's nothing but bad news. Trammel, he moves exotics like nobody's business. Mon's a slaver, pure and simple, and if he shows his face around here, you can bet that Nirama's going to open up with about 40,000 turbolasers right on that crusty Chevin snout.

I dunno. Any luck at all and Mon stays away, then we don't have to worry about that kind of political warfare foolishness. Summary of Dorumaa's Children Two years ago, the last of the Leviathans of Dorumaa gave birth to a pair of calves. These two giant children have played in the oceans of the moon, attracting a great deal of attention. (Some of it, from a man named Rufus Trammel, they could have done without.) Now, one of the calves has gone missing, and the other is beside itself with misery. Can the heroes of Cularin find the missing calf?

Trammel's people have been more of a problem than the man himself. Folks don't even know if he was in Cularin when the Blink happened, or if he was somewhere else and is ten years older and being wheeled everywhere he goes. He never was much for public appearances. Kinda like Nirama in that, I guess. Neither of them thinks much to go out in public when there's plenty of folks who might like to do 'em harm. Right or wrong, that's how people feel.

Me, I'm not big on taking down crime lords. There's enough little guys like me running around and getting killed to make other folks rich that I don't much see the point to it. The skirmishes we had weren't even because Trammel or Nirama wanted them - - at least, that's word on the street. Just folks who ran into each other and saw that they were different, so they started in with killing.

See, I don't get that. It's one thing to be dumb 'cause you're ordered to be dumb. But being dumb just because someone else might like it if you were dumb, and then getting dead because you wanted to be dumb for someone else?

Galaxy's probably a better place without that type anyway. Just hope they didn't spawn before they got dumb and dead. My luck? They probably did. I can't even get a date, and the mental invalids who start fights that get them killed spawn left and right.

I got a theory that there's this inverse link between street smarts and spawning. See, folks who got no street smarts end up in one of two places. They either end up in big offices where they don't have to be streetwise, or they end up dead in a gutter. Now, those two kinds, they spawn lots. Kinda depressing, how much. So you get little street-morons running all over the place. The folks who're really street-smart, though, we don't spawn a whole lot. We got other things we need to do. Surviving on the streets, for one. That's the main one.

Like I said. It's a theory. I ain't worked out all the details just yet.

So anyway, Trammel. He stays under folks' radar, but I dunno if that means he ain't done much. He's not -- what's the word? "Inconspicuous"? I think that's it -- in the same way Nirama is. Trammel, you hear about, and he's always got something going on. Right now, things are getting strange.

See, Trammel's packing up. That's what I hear, at least. I dunno if it's because Mon may be coming (the Chevin makes Trammel look like a major lightweight; Hutts give Mon a pretty big berth), or something else. Sith knows, there's lots of problems around Cularin, and even with all the exotics and weird things we've got to export that he could be stealing, there's only so much risk the man can take. Whatever he was trying to do to Nirama don't look like it worked, so I can't say I'm too surprised he's up and going. But you'd think he'd make a big deal out of it, like he did when he came here.

He ain't, though. It's real quiet. I had to go and check on it a second time, just to be sure I heard right. Second source said yes, so I went to a third. Took some digging each time, but all the answers came back the same.

The thing with power like Trammel brought and like Nirama has is there's only so much to go around. It's like you got Cularin, and all the power in Cularin's a pie. So when there's just Nirama around, he's got a big sloppy piece of pie that's dribbling juice all over everything. Then Trammel comes, and Nirama's mad 'cause his pie's getting smaller, and there ain't so much juice to dribble, and maybe Trammel takes some of the good bits of crust -- but there's still pie there, and they both got pieces.

See, though, when people leave who got power, they take pie with them. So there's a gap where some of the pie used to be. And maybe Nirama takes it back, or maybe someone else does.

I dunno. I guess all I'm saying is this: If Trammel's really leaving, then something's gotta happen in Cularin. Or maybe it already has. But you mark me good. Change ain't never a happy thing.